

The Boobs of a Queen

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Category: Frozen

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Anna, Elsa, Kristoff B.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 00:55:59

Updated: 2016-04-09 00:55:59

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:34:28

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,421

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Elsa always dreamed of getting a breast augmentation and finally is able to get one. (Crackfic made "just for laughs")

The Boobs of a Queen

A red Camaro ZL1 drove out of the garage. In it was a twenty-one year old woman with blonde hair, sky-blue eyes and petite, perfectly round 32C sized breasts. She hated them. They were small and didn't fit with her body. She wanted to have real, feminine breasts. She dreamed of the day when she would make enough money to get a breast augmentation. Unfortunately, she knew this would never happen, and she would always be known as "the blonde with small tits."

She stopped at a red-light and with a press of a button, her convertible top came down. For a short moment, she wandered off in the abyss of her imagination. She imagined herself when everyone would envy her breasts and every man in this world would date her. Suddenly, the light changed and the woman snapped out of her fantasy.

She put in first gear, dropped the clutch, and gunned it. The tires squealed as she felt the acceleration pushing her back into the seat. She felt a euphoria as she satisfied her thirst for speed. It all suddenly ended when she heard the scream of sirens. She took a glance at her speedometer: 100 mph. This was going to be the mother of all tickets.

It suddenly came to her "an idea so crazy it had to work. With a 580 horsepower, American V8 under the hood, she could simply outrun them. The supercharged Camaro roared as the woman kept her foot stuck the floor. All it took was one look in the rear-view mirror to confirm that the police cruisers were nowhere to be seen. She was already going 160 mph. She was sure she won this race.

She was unaware that she was driving straight into a roadblock. The brakes squealed as the Camero stopped just short of a barricade of police cars. A police officer opened his door and started walking up to her.

"Good morning. Do you know how fast you were going, ma'am?" he asked.

"No."

"Can I see your license and registration?" the police officer asked.

"Here you go."

The police officer checked the woman's documents on his computer and came back.

"Ms. Elsa Anderson, our database shows that you have five points on your license and three tickets just this year," he said.

Elsa thought about her boobs. If she had bigger ones, then she could unbutton her blouse and the cop could treat her like a real woman. Cleavage always influences these so called policemen. She thought it could work even with slightly smaller tits. She undid three buttons.

"Please officer, I don't have time for this. My sister is about to give birth and I need to be there with her," Elsa said with a wavering voice.

"Ma'am, could you please exit your car."

"Excuse me?"

"I am arresting you for reckless driving, fleeing from police, and felony speeding," the officer explained as he handcuffed the young woman.

* * *

><p>Anna was attending a meeting with her boss when she got a call from her older sister.<p>

"I have to take this call. My sister is calling me," Anna went outside and answered the phone.

"Elsa! You know very well that I'm at work. What happened?" Anna asked, irritated.

"Anna, you have to help me. I'm in jail," Elsa said.

"Wait... what?" Anna couldn't believe it â€" her sister was in jail.

"I tried fleeing from the cops, but instead I ended up driving into their roadblock. They arrested me on the spot," Elsa said, "Please help me. You have to bail me out."

"You know that I have no money. You do, but I don't,"

>"Neither do I. I spent it all on my car," Elsa said, ashamed of herself.<p>

"Oh yeah. You spent all your money and then right away went to jail," Anna said with a hint of sarcasm.

"Please, Anna," Elsa asked.

"Ok, fine. I'll figure out something," Anna hung up the phone.

* * *

><p>The very next day Anna paid the bail and Elsa was finally free.<p>

"Anna, how did get so much money?" Elsa asked.

"I sold your car to my boss. He always dreamed of a Camero," answered the younger sister.

"Anna! What did you do?!" Elsa screamed at her sister.

"Well, you know, you won't be driving your car anymore, so I sold it to pay your bail"

"But I have work. I need my car to drive to work," Elsa said.

"Huh? You know very well that the police suspended your license for three years," Anna explained.

"How could they? What gives them the right to take away _my_ license?"

"What gives you the right to go street racing with the police?" Anna asked, furious at her sister.

>"I was rushing to work," Elsa answered, putting her hands on her hips.<p>

"You're lying. You wanted to see what your car could do because you thought you were above the law, right."

"No. Absolutely not. Only you do that," Elsa said.

"How many tickets did I get?" Anna asked.

"Zero."

"And you?"

"A crapload," Elsa answered, remembering every ticket she received in her new car.

"Now get into my Honda"

"I'm not going to ride in that rusted piece of junk. It's literally falling apart." Elsa said ashamed of that rusted out Honda.

"Then go walk home."

"Anna!"

"Get in and shut up."

* * *

><p>Anna, as usual, was driving slowly and following the law. Elsa tried staying silent until she heard the infamous sound of grinding gears. She just couldn't handle it anymore.<p>

"Where did you learn to drive? You can't even shift gears properly," Elsa started complaining.

Anna shifted again, as usual making the transmission make grinding noises.

"At least I didn't get four tickets," Anna answered.

Elsa realized that her sister was right. She decided to change the topic.

"Anna, what do you think about my boobs?"

"They're beautiful," Anna said with a smile on her face.

"But they're too small," Elsa said.

"They aren't small at all. They're bigger than mine. And honestly, they suit you," Anna said, reassuringly.

"But for me they are small. A real woman is supposed to have big boobs. My boobs aren't sexy at all and it irritates me," Elsa said, continuing to look at her own chest.

"Elsa, you are sexy. You have long, toned legs, and a perfect slender, yet curvy hourglass-like body. Men literally flock to women with an hourglass shaped body and a thin waist. Remember how I managed with Hans and Kristoff?"

"If I recall correctly, Hans was sleeping with two other women and broke up with you when you found out he was cheating on you," Elsa corrected.

"But Hans loved my body, even with my 30B bra size. You see?" Anna said, trying to calm Elsa's insecurities.

"Yes, of course, but he slept with other women with 38DD breasts when you weren't around."

"But..."

"And Kristoff only loves you because you play the sexophone... uh... I mean... saxophone. And your whole romance is only about music," Elsa corrected.

"But music is his passion."

"Does he have money? Does he have a good car? No! He was an empty wallet and drive an old van," Elsa criticized Kristoff.

The sisters got home and exited the car. After entering their home,

they stopped next to the mirror hanging near the foyer.

"Look at yourself, Elsa. You are a slender woman and your breasts look good with your body shape. They aren't too big and they aren't too small. They're perfect."

Elsa grabbed her breasts. "But I'm supposed to have big boobs."

"You should be happy with what you have."

Elsa thought about this for a second and said, "Ok, maybe you're right."

"Hey Elsa, do you want to go that restaurant on the river bank? I'm supposed to meet up with Kristoff and play some jazz with him."

>"Do I have another choice?"<p>

"No."

* * *

><p>The sisters entered the restaurant. As usual, it was a busy Friday night and the whole place was packed with people. Elsa saw a young man in his twenties with an upright bass. His towering height made him one of the tallest men in the restaurant. He came up to Anna.<p>

"Hey Anna. You look beautiful," Kristoff complemented.

"You too. Are you ready?" Anna asked.

"I have to get the sheet music from my van."

"Elsa can do that," Anna said, looking at her sister.

"Here you go, Elsa," Kristoff gave Elsa his keys.

Elsa took the sheet music from Kristoff's van and gave it to him. She conveniently forgot to give back his keys.

"Let's start" Kristoff said.

"He's sexy jazzman. That's why Anna is just so in love with him," Elsa whispered to herself.

The band started playing one of Ellington tunes. It was time.

Elsa exited the restaurant and ran to Kristoff's van. She inserted the key into the ignition and started up the car. The van's engine roared to life, shaking and rattling the whole car. Elsa put the van into drive and drove off. If she hurries up, Kristoff would never even know that she left. Even if he did notice something, she could tell him that she needed to "borrow" his car.

Elsa parked her car next to Eugene's house and knocked on the door.

"Hey Elsa, you finally came," Eugene answered.

"Hey bro!"

"Do you have your computer?" Eugene asked.

Elsa showed Eugene the briefcase with her laptop. "Of course. You know that I always have my laptop with me."

"Oh yeah, I forgot that you work in IT."

"Are you ready?"

"Yeah. Where's your Camero?" Eugene asked, bewildered that Elsa was driving a piece of junk.

"Anna sold it."

"Wait... what?"

"I'll explain later."

"Is that Kristoff's van?"

"Yes. It's his old 1994 Ford Econoline."

"That piece of junk will never outrun the police."

"Get in the van."

Elsa once again started the bucket of bolts, put it into drive and floored it. The van started slowly gaining speed, as it made its way towards its destination. Eugene couldn't stop thinking about the sexy woman driving it. One day she would be his, and he would be the luckiest man alive.

"So how's it going with Rapunzel?" Elsa asked, trying to satisfy her curiosity.

"I broke up with her. We were never meant to be," Eugene said.

"Why"

"She wanted to kill me with a frying pan. Okay. Maybe I'm going a little overboard. We had a big argument and ended up breaking up."

>"You broke so quickly."<p>

"We were together for an entire year."

"Oh yeah."

"What did you think about her looks?" Elsa asked.

"She was okay. I saw better girls. At first I liked her a little bit. Maybe because she had long, knee-length blonde hair. Of course, she was a fake blonde who just loved dying her hair and eventually cut it short. Eugene went silent for a second. "You know, I have a thing natural blondes," Eugene said in a sexy voice, attempting to woo Elsa.

"What can I say? I'm Norwegian."

"Scandinavian girls are my dream. You would be perfect if you'd enlarge you breasts," Eugene said, staring at Elsa's breasts.

"Oh, I just can't wait," Elsa joked.

"You know, Rapunzel was my last girl with small tits. My next one is going to have double D's," Eugene said, flirtatiously, while fantasizing about Elsa.

Elsa parked the van about 500 feet away from the bank to make sure the camera wouldn't catch them. She opened up the suitcase with her laptop.

"Okay, at 11:30 pm the guards have a five minute break. That's going to be our golden opportunity to discretely enter the bank. I'll disable the cameras, hack the alarm systems, and open the safe," Elsa explained the plan in meticulous detail.

"And I'll take the cash."

"And then run to the van and make a getaway," Elsa added.

Elsa quickly deciphered the encryption to the main door lock. Like expected, the guards were on their break. Elsa opened the door and ran towards the main alarm panel. She had 30 seconds to disable it. She connected her laptop and deciphered the encryption code with just two seconds left on the clock.

Then she made a run to the security room, disabled all the cameras, and deleted the footage of her entering the bank. She then connected her laptop and started deciphering the code to the safe. Eugene came in behind Elsa?

"Are you done yet," He asked impatiently.

"I just started," Elsa answered.

"Three minutes have passed." Eugene said.

"This isn't a game. Decryption is hard work."

"It's not like the guards are entering the building or anything. Take your time," Eugene said sarcastically.

"Wait... what?"

"You're about to be in deep â€" "

"Don't distract me."

"Fine"

"Not fine."

"You're such a drama queen."

"You're too."

"Is it open yet."

"In a second... okay."

Eugene ran to the safe and opened up the massive steel doors. He threw the money into a bag and ran to the van. He threw the money in and hopped into the passenger seat.

"What took you so long? Don't you see that they already called in the police," Elsa said.

Elsa stepped on the gas and drove away. She took a hard turn right, both left wheels, nearly tipping over the van.

"Hang on. We like to go fast," Elsa said, driving recklessly.

"I like fast," Eugene said, putting his feet on the dashboard.

"What if they track out plates?" Eugene asked.

"Don't worry. It's Kristoff's van," Elsa said.

"You did that on purpose?"

"What do you think," Elsa said, smiling.

Elsa made a few more of those sharp turns and took a long detour through the city center. When she made it back to Eugene's home, she checked her mirrors. No cops in sight. They must have given up the chase.

"Here you go. Two hundred thousand dollars for you and the same amount for me."

>"Good-bye. See you later."<p>

Elsa drove to her home and hid the money in a safe place. In a couple of days, she was going to have new boobs.

End
file.